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CUBA:
A LAND OF STARVATION AND SORROW.

"For Cuba the present is dark and foreboding; but we must not forget that God reigns, and that the mighty sweep of human progress will not rest until oppression and cruelty are overcome and the aspirations and hopes of all people struggling for better conditions and a higher life are realized. Poor Cuba! Crushed and bleeding, I commend her to the great heart of the American people."

SPEECH

OF

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER,
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,

IN THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

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SPEECH
OF
HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER.

AFFAIRS IN CUBA.

Mr. GALLINGER. Mr. President, after the calm, dispassionate, and touching statement made in the Senate concerning Cuba by the distinguished Senator from Vermont [Mr. PROCTOR] it might be well for me to remain silent; indeed, Mr. President, that was my purpose when I returned from the island, but yielding to the expressed wish of many of my Senatorial colleagues, I have consented to give a plain recital of what I saw during my recent brief visit to that unhappy country, in the hope that it may add something to the already deep interest felt by the masses of the American people in the struggle now going on 80 miles from the American shore.

Neither the criticisms, many of them utterly unkind and unjust, which have already been made regarding that trip, nor the fear of the denunciations of the apologists and defenders of Spain will deter me from plain speech or the expression of views quite as honestly held as those of the men and newspapers who indulge in the senseless cry of "jingo" whenever a word is uttered in favor of freedom and independence for a people who for three centuries have been oppressed beyond endurance. In 1829, in 1844, in 1848, in 1850, in 1851, in 1868, and again in 1895 have the brave people of Cuba endeavored to break the chain that bound them and to establish for themselves free government on the soil that rightfully is theirs. The failure of the ten-years war, ending in 1878, is fresh in the minds of us all, and the violation of the promises made by Spain to the insurgents as a condition of peace is a matter of history which need not be recounted.

For many years I had felt a desire to visit Cuba, and when the opportunity offered for me to go in the company of some of my Congressional associates I was glad to do so, as it would enable me to see with my own eyes the devastation and wretchedness that I believed existed in that fertile but smitten land.

After a somewhat tempestuous and eventful voyage Havana was reached on the morning of the 10th instant. Looking out through the mists of early morning, Morro Castle, with its gloomy memories, and the fortress of Cabanas, within whose walls hundreds of brave and innocent men have been shot to death, stood out in bold relief. The beautiful harbor was entered, in which were many vessels flying the Spanish flag, while the *Montgomery* alone had at its masthead the Stars and Stripes—glorious emblem of freedom and liberty. No, not alone, for as our vessel passed the wreck of the great battleship that so recently was destroyed an American flag floated from her also.

A CALL UPON GENERAL LEE.

Very soon after our arrival General Lee called upon us at the hotel, and graciously offered to accompany the party to the palace to meet General Blanco. General Lee is deserving of the highest possible praise for the manner in which he carries himself in Havana. Cool and fearless in the midst of difficulties and dangers, he never loses sight of the fact that he is an American citizen and the representative of this great Government, nor is he ever unmindful of the tremendous responsibilities and duties of his position.

A VISIT TO THE PALACE.

The visit to the palace was one of much interest. At a former period General Blanco was Captain-General of the island, and he is held in high esteem by the Spanish Government. When he assumed office this time it was as the successor of General Weyler, who, because of his cruelties, was driven from Cuba by the force of American public opinion. General Blanco was gracious in the extreme, and Dr. Congosto (who speaks most excellent English) showed the party many courtesies. Of course no allusion was made to political affairs.

THE AUTONOMIST CABINET.

Our next call was upon the autonomist cabinet, but we only saw the president of the cabinet. With him we discussed somewhat the question of autonomy; but it was plain to be seen that he was not greatly encouraged in the work that had been undertaken in that direction. The truth is, autonomy is a flat failure, opposed alike by the ultra Spaniards and the Cubans. The leaders of the insurrection have not forgotten how they were cheated by Spain in 1878, and the blandishments and bribes now being offered them are spurned with contempt. "Better death than autonomy," said a leading Cuban to me, "for," he added, "autonomy is only a pretense, under which we would again be slaves to Spain."

IS THERE WAR IN CUBA?

I recall the fact that in the debates had in the Senate on the Cuban question there have always been those who have denied that a real state of war exists in the island. It does not take long for one on the spot to determine that war does actually exist. A desolated country and a stricken people tell the story of war in language more eloquent than I can use. It is a peculiar kind of war, not the kind that this country became acquainted with at Shiloh and Vicksburg, at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and which General Sherman summed up in those three laconic words, "War is hell." It is not the kind of war that Grant and Lee, Sherman and Jackson, Sheridan, Longstreet, and Logan participated in from 1861 to 1865. In Cuba it is a war of starvation and extermination—a war more cruel than any the world has ever known.

THE SPANISH SOLDIERY.

The Spanish military do not impress an American with the idea that they are great soldiers. I witnessed three military drills, and in each case the story of the "Awkward Squad" came vividly to my mind. Talking and smoking in the ranks were noticeable, and neither officers nor soldiers seemed to possess the true military spirit. It is said that the rank and file of the Spanish army

have not been paid for six months, and they certainly are poorly clothed and inadequately fed. The high officers appear to do most of their fighting in cafés and hotels, the actual fighting in the field being done under the command of officers of inferior grade.

THE INSURGENTS.

As to the insurgents, it is said that they are well fed and comfortably clad, their chief lack being guns and ammunition. They are good soldiers, under strict military discipline. They occupy a large part of the island, and, in my judgment, can take Havana or Matanzas whenever it suits their purpose, but for want of ships they could not hold those cities if taken. In Matanzas I was offered safe passport to the insurgent lines, but it was declined for want of time.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

The scenes in the streets of Havana are harrowing beyond description. People in want and suffering are everywhere seen, and walking skeletons meet one on every hand. Naked children, emaciated and ragged women, and diseased and starving men throng the streets, the hotel lobbies, and every place of public resort. It is a terrible sight, one that sickens the heart, and quickens every impulse of human sympathy and love.

I have said in the public prints, and I repeat, that the Kingdom of Spain is carrying on a war in Cuba more utterly cruel and indefensible than any that the world chronicles, unless perchance a parallel may be found in the oppressions that the Armenians have suffered at the hands of the Unspeakable Turk. My observations were first made not in the rural districts, where the most horrible conditions are conceded to exist, but right in Havana, under the shadow of cathedrals and churches, where Spain's authority is absolutely unquestioned. The world has heard with horror the story of the starvation of hundreds of thousands of innocent people on this island, but while the statement has been generally accepted as true, there are those who have refused to believe that a great Government was waging a war of extermination instead of a war of honor, conducted upon the high principles of humanity and bravery, yet such is the fact.

CLARA BARTON AND HER GOOD WORK.

In my investigations I visited the orphanage under the care of that sainted woman, Clara Barton, who is being ably assisted by Dr. A. M. Lesser, surgeon in chief of the Red Cross Hospital of New York City, and his accomplished wife. It was also my great privilege to meet there Mr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the Christian Herald, under whose efforts the money has been raised to carry on Miss Barton's Heaven-inspired work, and who receives help and encouragement from his wife, who is there in person to do what she can to alleviate the terrible suffering that exists.

In connection with the orphanage a dispensary is maintained, Dr. Lesser being ably seconded in that work by a corps of Cuban physicians, and every day hundreds of poor creatures are assisted in that way. At present the orphanage contains about fifty children, almost every one of whom is the victim of starvation, suffering from diseases directly traceable to want of food and imperfect nourishment. Dr. Lesser has had experience in the famine in Armenia, and I believe in India, and is recognized as the highest possible authority on diseases of that kind. I have it from his

lips, and also from Miss Barton's, that the famine in Cuba is worse than was that in Armenia or any other of which they have knowledge, and the pictures that they drew of the terrible suffering from starvation in the island fully confirm what has been written on the subject by those whose statements have been challenged in some quarters.

HUMAN SUFFERING IN ITS WORST FORM.

For most of my life, as a physician, I have witnessed human suffering, but pictures of wretchedness and anguish were photographed upon my brain in Cuba that will never be effaced. After the visit to the orphanage was over I went with the medical gentlemen and others to Los Focas, the place where the reconcentrados assemble daily to get food and shelter. There is a large side yard, which was filled with men, women, and children, a motly, dilapidated, hungry-looking crowd. But sad as was the crowd outside, it was nothing as compared with that inside the building. The structure is 108 by 40 feet, two stories high, and when a few weeks ago Miss Barton discovered the place there were 645 people lying on the floor, many of them entirely nude, and all suffering the pangs of starvation.

The children in the orphanage were taken from that wretched abode, and much has been done by the Red Cross to alleviate the condition of those who remain. Cot beds have been furnished, clothing supplied, plain food distributed, medical attendance arranged for, and every effort is being made in their behalf. Still there are men, women, and children there as gaunt and bony, almost, as a skeleton, while the sores that come from insufficient nourishment, and the other deplorable effects of starvation, are seen on every hand. I looked upon the scene until heartsickened, and then I thought of the hundreds of thousands of poor creatures who have perished in this island for want of food since the order was issued by Weyler to drive them from their homes and concentrate them in the cities.

What a chapter of horrors and death is that! And still the tragedy goes on. How much longer it shall continue largely depends upon the forbearance of a great people who through suffering and sorrow achieved their own independence, and whose sympathies have always gone out to the oppressed of all the nations of the world.

In brief, that tells the story of what was seen in Havana, except that the picture is mild, and in the very nature of things fails to reveal the horrible, inexpressible sufferings of those poor, persecuted people.

Many sights were witnessed which could not properly be related in this presence. Certain American newspapers have been persistently charged with coloring the facts and giving false information to our people. I do not see how it is possible for human language to exaggerate the suffering that exists in Cuba, and certainly the newspapers that are spending enormous sums of money to keep the American public informed as to the situation deserve praise rather than censure, for otherwise no information whatever favorable to the Cuban cause would come to us. Spanish censorship could be relied upon to give only one side of the controversy. The New York Journal keeps a large steam tug and a yacht employed in making daily trips from Havana to Key West bearing dispatches, and I am informed that that enterprising news-

paper is spending \$1,000 a day in that service and in gathering news on the island.

A VISIT TO MATANZAS.

Desiring to see something of Cuba outside of Havana, a visit to Matanzas was decided upon.

Matanzas is reached from Havana by both water and rail. I chose the latter, notwithstanding the suggestion that the insurgents were not far from the railroad, which was emphasized by the fact that an armored car, occupied by Spanish soldiers, was attached to the train. The distance is about 60 miles, which is covered in three hours by a railroad the trains on which are started by the ringing of a bell in the hands of a sturdy negro, and the track and rolling stock of which suggest antiquity rather than the ideas of our modern civilization.

The road runs through a beautiful valley, with mountain ranges on either side, which were pointed out as the abode of the insurgents. Over the entire distance is seen the effects of war, scarcely any cultivated land being visible, and the charred remains of villages and sugar plantations telling the story of devastation and destruction.

At one point 6 soldiers and about the same number of civilians occupied the site of a village of 2,000 inhabitants at the beginning of the war, only one or two buildings remaining to tell the story of the struggle that has been waged for three years.

Burning cane fires not far from the railroad indicated that the insurgents, and possibly the Spanish soldiers, were busy. Indeed, only a few evenings ago an insurgent force captured a large herd of horses and cattle in the outskirts of Matanzas, while the *Dauntless* discharged her last cargo of insurgent material literally in the harbor of that city.

I was fortunate to have as traveling companions Congressmen AMOS J. CUMMINGS, of New York, and WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, of Michigan; also Clara Barton; J. K. Elwell, of Lawrence, Kans.; Dr. and Mrs. Lesser, of New York; Dr. Hubbell and Mrs. Ward, of Washington; Mr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the Christian Herald, and other philanthropic persons. Senators THURSTON and MONEY went to Matanzas by water.

All along the route were wretched people in rags, but not until Matanzas was reached was the full extent of the existing suffering realized.

The railroad station was crowded with poor creatures, many of them nearing their graves as a consequence of starvation and resulting disease. Men, women, and children jostled and crowded one another begging for help. Some of the children were entirely without clothing, while most of them were covered only in part, and that with ragged and dirty garments. The same condition of things was seen on the streets, and the hotel lobby exhibited other scenes of similar destitution.

DANTE'S INFERNO.

It occurred to me as I looked upon these scenes of suffering and horror that the Cuban reconcentrados might well have adopted the words of Dante, "Who enters here leaves hope behind," when they were driven from the fields and herded like cattle in the cities and towns of this fertile land.

The truth is that Weyler devised a scheme of human suffering and sorrow that put Dante's Inferno into the shade and converted

a contented, prosperous people into a herd of suffering, starving unfortunates.

True, it is said that under the present régime they are permitted to resume work on the land, but careful inquiry failed to discover that this is really so, and even were it so, how could starving, penniless men and women, with sick and emaciated children, find their way to their former homes and take up the duties of life, with their houses destroyed, their farm implements gone, their live stock driven away, and every means of supporting life taken from them by the cruel edict of a merciless tyrant?

In Matanzas I met an American citizen at the office of the United States consul who one year ago was worth \$150,000, but who to-day is utterly penniless. He was driven from his home into the city, his buildings destroyed, and the accumulations of a lifetime disappeared. Recently he was told that he could return to his land, which he did, engaging in the manufacture of charcoal; but scarcely had he commenced work when his property was again seized and he was returned to the city, inside of the line called the "zone of cultivation."

A day in Matanzas is one never to be forgotten. The city nestles by the bay, just as it did before it was smitten by famine and when commerce and trade made it one of the most important ports of Cuba. To-day the bay is deserted, except by ships bringing relief to the starving people.

A PLACE OF BEGGARY AND DEATH.

Matanzas is literally a place of beggary and death. Never before did my eyes behold such suffering, and never again do I expect to see such havoc wrought through a cruel and inhuman decree.

After a call on Consul Brice, whose good work in Matanzas is known and recognized everywhere, the company were driven to the palace of the governor of the province, where they were received most graciously. The present governor is Cespedes de Arnos, a well-known journalist, and a man who seems to fully appreciate the appalling condition of the people.

He was especially kind and courteous to Miss Barton, placing at her disposal one of the finest apartments in the palace; and the other members of the family were equally devoted to this good woman.

The governor talked freely of the situation, tendered the party a reception that was declined, and when he proposed a toast to "Hail Columbia" it was evident that his eyes are turned in the only direction whence help can come to this stricken people.

Governor Arnos succeeded Senor Paret, who served under Weyler, and who is remembered as a cruel, brutal man. The present incumbent of the office, while serving the Spanish Government, is unquestionably very solicitous for a betterment of the condition of the people.

Returning from places of public resort, the party visited three hospitals, named, respectively, Providencia, Caridad, and San Carlos, and here were fresh evidences of the ravages that starvation is working.

Some members of the Red Cross had visited the hospitals two weeks ago, but they were terrified to discover that almost every one of the then inmates had died, and to some extent others had

taken their places. Here poverty, sorrow, and suffering were depicted in their worst forms. Children, gaunt in face but with abdomen and limbs terribly swollen, women in the last stage of emaciation, and men rapidly drifting to death were on every hand.

HOSPITALS WITHOUT FOOD OR MEDICINE.

If there was food in these hospitals I did not discover it. Neither were there signs of medicine or of proper nursing or care. As these unfortunates lay there, suffering the pangs of hunger, an abundance of food was at the railroad station, sent there by Miss Barton more than a week ago, but which through some mistake had not been distributed, and the *Fern* and one other American vessel were lying in the bay loaded down with contributions from the Government and people of the United States.

CLARA BARTON.

I wish I could command language eloquent enough to pay a just tribute to Clara Barton, the guardian angel of oppressed, suffering humanity. More than 70 years of age, when the cry came from far-off Armenia she was soon in that stricken land, carrying the ministrations of the gospel and distributing benefactions under the aegis of the Society of the Red Cross. More than three-score and ten years of age, she has again responded to the Macedonian cry, and is in Cuba relieving suffering and sorrow—a very angel of mercy and of human love and sympathy. God bless Clara Barton!

DEATH THE ONLY RELIEF.

For a large proportion of the remaining reconcentrados death is the only relief. Food and medicine may palliate for a time the suffering they endure, but starvation has done its work, and the grave will claim many of them in the near future.

From the hospitals I went to the huts on the outskirts of the city, occupied by the families of reconcentrados, and here again is material for the artist and the novelist. In huts of one room, thatched with palm leaves, are families of eight or ten eking out a miserable existence. They were driven out of their homes when the plan was adopted to exterminate the Cuban race by starvation.

In their suffering and wretchedness they appear cheerful, occupying a portion of the time in making palm-leaf hats, for which there is a very limited demand at 6 cents each. Of course the children beg to help supply the absolute necessities of life.

TERRIBLE DEATH RATE.

In this sketch I have not attempted to picture the extreme horrors of the situation, but rather to give a plain and unvarnished statement of what is seen at every turn. The death rate here, as elsewhere on the island, has been enormous. The governor of Matanzas told me that the first day he occupied the palace 15 persons died in the courtyard. He further said that in that city 1,200 died in November, 1,200 in December, 700 in January, and 500 in February.

The death rate is decreasing simply because the material—the reconcentrados—is becoming less. Estimating the population of the city at 75,000, and taking a death rate of 20 in 1,000, that would give 1,500 deaths in a year.

But here we have 3,600 deaths in four months, more than seven times that of a normal death rate, and the sad thing of it all is

that the excess above the average rate shows the number of deaths from starvation, and from nothing else.

On the cars I was told that in San Cristobal one coach, used as a hearse, had carried to the cemetery 800 dead in twenty-six days, while many uncoffined dead were disposed of in other ways; and in another place of 3,000 inhabitants, Santa Cruz del Norte, not far from Matanzas, every dog and cat has been eaten, and utter desolation confronts the place unless relief comes soon.

The mayor of this town was in Havana, and he is responsible for the statement I have made. He begged Miss Barton to go to the relief of the place, which she promised to do, but God alone knows how much good it will do under the circumstances.

A WORSE FAMINE THAN THAT OF ARMENIA.

Miss Barton says that this is a worse famine than that of Armenia or India. In India famine came because of crop failures, and in Armenia as the result of religious fanaticism, but here in Cuba is a famine of cold calculation, with fertile land on every side, ready to produce abundant food in response to the demand of human labor.

That labor has been withheld, in accordance with the programme laid down by a heartless military ruler, and now the lands are uncultivated and the people starving.

NEARLY HALF A MILLION DEAD FROM STARVATION.

The number of people who have been starved in Cuba will never be definitely known. It is estimated that 800,000 were driven from their homes into the cities and towns. I had it from Spanish authority that according to their figures 225,000 have already perished; but it is said that the Red Cross Society is in possession of figures showing that 425,000 Cubans have died as a result of Spanish cruelty from starvation, and that 200,000 more must inevitably die, making an aggregate of 625,000, or almost twice the population of the District of Columbia or the State of New Hampshire. Dr. Lesser, an authority on the results of famine, who is on the ground, says that of the 175,000 not taken into the account above at least 5 per cent of them will die, making a grand total of 634,000 deaths of men, women, and children as the result of Weyler's inhuman and barbarous decree.

What a picture is that 80 miles from our shores! And yet this great nation folds its arms and officially asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Thank Heaven, the Government of France did not reason that way when Lafayette stood side by side with Washington and Stark and Mad Anthony Wayne when our forefathers were fighting for human freedom and independence!

It may be that the Government of Spain and the cities of Havana and Matanzas are doing something to relieve this terrible suffering, but if so, I did not see any evidences of it. The hope of the poor remaining sufferers is in this great Government, and, Heaven be thanked, our people are reaching out the hand of sympathy and affectionate interest in the shape of food, medicine, and clothing!

WHAT OF THE MAINE?

I have been asked many times, "What of the *Maine*?"

I do not know.

This, however, I do know: A nation that will deliberately starve 400,000 of its own people will do pretty much anything. [Applause in the galleries.]

If the ship was blown up from the outside, what should our Government do?

Perhaps I should forbear to discuss that question now, but this I will venture to say: Human life, purposely taken, can not be paid for in gold or silver. [Applause in the galleries.] Mark my words, "purposely taken." And if it shall appear that such was the fate of 250 brave American sailors, then Heaven pity the guilty parties. It will not be a question for arbitration, but a question involving the dignity and honor of this great Republic.

A JINGO.

Of course for these words I will be called a jingo, whatever that may mean, but, as I have said on former occasions I now repeat, I would infinitely rather be a jingo than a Tory; I would infinitely rather stand here as the defender of human rights than as the apologist of cruelty and oppression. A vigorous foreign policy is necessary to the strength and dignity of any nation, and it is the best possible assurance of peace that can be given.

CUBAN SYMPATHIZERS EVERYWHERE.

There is little real loyalty to Spain in Cuba, as will be demonstrated when the hour of trial comes. Cuban sympathizers are found everywhere. On the cars between Havana and Matanzas a prominent business man of the latter city openly expressed his deep sympathy for Cuba, and drawing from his pocket a little package asked me if I would not like a picture of Gomez, the grand and intrepid leader of the Cuban army. The picture is here—a treasure with which I would not lightly part.

I do not believe that Spain can subdue the insurgents.

Already the war has cost Spain the lives of at least 100,000 soldiers and a vast amount of treasure, and the approaching rainy season will decimate the Spanish ranks at a fearful rate.

The Cubans have been oppressed so long that they prefer death to continued Spanish rule; and why should they not?

EFFECTS OF SPANISH RULE.

Mr. President, has this Senate any idea what Spanish rule in Cuba really means?

Let us look at the matter of taxation.

I was told by reliable persons in Havana that, in addition to all direct and indirect taxes on real estate, there is a tax on every door, every window, and every chimney in every house.

There is a tax on every letter in every business sign.

There is a tax on every name on every hotel register. It is an edifying sight, Mr. President, to open the register of any hotel in Havana and, glancing down the page, to find a tax stamp opposite each signature.

Licenses are required to build houses and to paint houses.

There is a tax on food animals as a whole, and also special taxes on the horns, the hoofs, and the hide.

In addition to all this the interest on the debt is a tremendous burden, the salaries of Spanish officials are beyond all reason, and the amount of money wrung from the Cubans to keep the Madrid Government from complete insolvency is simply enormous.

What would we think of such a Government as that?

No people on the face of the earth have been so oppressed, the treasury of Spain being literally supplied from the revenues extorted from Cuba and the Philippine Islands.

Mr. President, as far as I know no one in this country desires war with Spain, but the people of this country have come to the

conclusion that the time has come for Spain to retire from the Western Hemisphere. [Applause in the galleries.] She has by misgovernment and cruelty forfeited every claim upon the Gem of the Antilles, and in the interests of a common humanity this country should intervene and stop the war.

SPAIN'S POSSESSIONS.

It will be remembered that one hundred years ago Spain owned a large part of what is now the United States, all of Mexico, most of Central and South America, and many of the West India Islands.

Within a hundred years, as the result of misgovernment and misrule, she has lost all of her territory on the Western Hemisphere except the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, and if anyone can tell me why she should be allowed to longer retain control of Cuba, the information will be gratefully received. I certainly know of no reason.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that it is a reproach to the civilization of the age that a bankrupt and corrupt Government like Spain should be permitted to hold in bondage on this continent a people who have aspirations for the same liberty that we enjoy.

Our forefathers went to war because the mother country put a tax on tea.

Cuba has ten thousand more reasons than we had for rebellion, and she deserves the sympathy and help of every true American.

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

If I have read history correctly, not since the downfall of the Roman Empire has there been such a story of the rise to greatness and the fall to helplessness of a great power as in this instance of Spain. It is one of the striking coincidences of history that Spain to-day, finding herself menaced with the loss of her last American possessions through a conflict with the great American Republic, dates the beginning of her power from the year 1492, in which year the discovery of Columbus led to the ultimate establishment of the United States.

The year which gave the Western Hemisphere to Spain witnessed the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada and made all the Spanish possessions one united country. Her first King, Ferdinand of Aragon, whose marriage with Isabella of Castile in 1469 marked the beginning of a real Spanish Kingdom, was also the last Spanish King, for at his death, in 1516, the succession passed into the lines of the Hapsburgs, with sad and melancholy consequences for the civilized world.

During the four hundred years of Spain's rise and fall her invariable record has been one of cruelty, of persecution, of bigotry, of hostility to every sentiment of human freedom, common justice, and enlightenment. The slavery to which she doomed her subjects in the Western Hemisphere was not more cruel than her oppression of Holland or her tyranny over her own people at home. The bigotry, the fanaticism, the intolerance, and the gloomy superstition of her tone of mind are unrelieved by one single gleam of recognition of human rights, just as the disgraceful record of her decay and downfall is unrelieved by one single triumph of genius in statesmanship or of prowess in battle against an armed enemy.

One after another Spain's possessions have fallen away, like bricks from a moldering wall, until to-day she stands alone, bankrupt in resources, but still clinging to that policy of cruelty, of oppression and extermination, which has been her only known

method of dealing for four hundred years, until finally forced to confront the Republic of freedom, of equality, of justice, of humanity, of civilization.

Mr. President, it is not accident or chance which has brought about the present situation. It is inexorable destiny, which decrees that the last of Spain's ill-gotten possessions in this hemisphere will be lifted to freedom by the one Republic which represents everything that Spain has antagonized during her whole history.

Fortunately the people of this great Republic are thoroughly aroused to the situation, and the great heart of the American populace is in full sympathy with Cuba.

Religion and humanity alike demand that this unholy war shall cease, and cease it should, even though the glitter and glamour of military rule shall end and a decaying and dissolute throne shall pass away never to return.

THE REMEDY.

Mr. President, I am asked what I would have done.

The question is one demanding an honest and careful answer.

The Senator from Vermont closed his speech by a declaration that he does not favor annexation; but for myself, looking to the demands of advancing civilization and the future peace and prosperity of the island, I am of opinion that sooner or later this great Government will of necessity absorb Cuba. And if it is to come, why not now?

It is argued that we do not want territory peopled by a race different in nationality and habits of life from our own. Is it forgotten that when we absorbed California, Florida, and Texas that same problem confronted our Government? The problem was soon solved, and who dares now say that California, Florida, and Texas are less American than Massachusetts, Virginia, and New York? Ours is a great country, of marvelous resources and infinite possibilities. We are once more a united people, and it is utterly idle to say that we can not successfully govern an island that is practically a part of our own territory. To doubt our ability to do that is a reflection upon the strength of republican institutions that I do not share.

But, Mr. President, if annexation can not be accomplished, let Cuban independence speedily come. American interests in Cuba have already suffered enough. We have patrolled our coast in the interest of Spain as long as we should, and we have spent quite too much money in protecting our people from epidemic diseases coming to our shores because of the unsanitary condition of the harbor and city of Havana. Spain has failed to meet the requirements of an age of advanced civilization. Let the United States or Cuba take up the problem and solve it. The vigor shown by our early statesmen in dealing with Spain in relation to the acquisition of Florida is a precedent that may well be invoked in this crisis, for no one now hesitates to commend the action of Monroe and Adams in dealing with that problem.

Mr. President, for Cuba the present is dark and foreboding, but we must not forget that God reigns, and that the mighty sweep of human progress will not rest until oppression and cruelty are overcome, and the aspirations and hopes of all people struggling for better conditions and a higher life are realized. Poor Cuba! Crushed and bleeding, I commend her to the great heart of the American people. [Applause in the galleries.]



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